

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

The New Bustle Different From the Old Monstrosity.

IT COMES IN MODIFIED FORM.

And is Free From a Single Objectionable Feature—Fortune Hunting Extraordinary on the Part of the French—Long Dress Trains Dangerous—Andobion Millinery—Society Girls and Minuet. Fashion's Fancies.

I vividly recall the day, long ago, Pauline. When I was thirteen years of age, and you were twenty-two. An airy, merry, laughing sprite, a matchless little girl. Just blooming in the lovely bowers of tender womanhood. Yet recall the grateful smile which o'er your young face spread. When I congratulated you, my hand upon your head. And wished you many glad returns of that glad natal day. And exulted in the hope that all your life might be as sunny May.

Again in after years I gazed into your eyes. When I was nearing thirty-six and you were twenty-two. A lovely woman, ripe with grace, a happy reigning queen. Ah! many a heart you told me then you'd cast away Pauline. I twitted you about your years, and, laughingly, you said: "You'd grow older as the wheels of time had onward sped. And yet within your pretty eyes, as on a printed page, I read the lines clinging fear you felt of coming age."

And now again we meet, Pauline, my head is bald and gray. The fires of youth no longer light my eyes with merry play. And yet your cheeks are all aglow with youthful, peachy flush—I am not rude enough to hint you do it with a brush. Within your eyes are traces of the glances soft and bright. Which once I to you seemed to me as sunbeams in their flight. Ah! Father Time has been more harsh with me, dear girl, than you— I now am nearly sixty-eight; you yet are twenty-two.

—Denver Post.

Philadelphia Times: It has come again—the bustle. Bustles are something like professional singers who are not so young as they were once. Dressmakers have announced at intervals for the last forty years the last appearance of the bustle, but after a short or a long absence of time it has always humped itself up again. This time it comes in exceedingly modified form. In fact it has advanced in civilization along with women's corsets, boots, gloves and other accessories.

The designs are anything but objectionable to wear or observer. None of the monstrosities in vogue a few years ago is to be found. Then women wore bustles made of wire netting, or home-made affairs stuffed with excelsior or sponges. A rat trap or a small section of barbed wire fence bent into proper shape would have been about as comfortable. And these old fashioned bustles were not only uncomfortable when on, but were also often a source of annoyance when off. Big as they were, they were always getting lost. What woman lives who has not lost her bustle when dressing? This can't happen with the bustle of to-day, for it is generally made as part of the gown or attached to it in some way. Nine women out of ten are a little hollow in the back, and need a small bustle to keep the skirt from sagging and gain for it a stylish effect.

"Bustles are selling like hot cakes," said a maker of corsets. "All the new gowns have a small bustle made in them, and where a woman's figure warrants it, also hip pads. But lovely woman, no matter how large her allowance, has a few of last year's gowns that she feels she must wear this season; so with these, ready-made bustles are being worn. The bustle in its present form hasn't a single objectionable feature, and is being used in the most sensible way to meet the peculiar need of the individual. There was a time when there was absolutely no individuality in bustles. Fat and lean women, women with conspicuous hips, those with a conscious absence of hips, bought and wore the bustle which looked as if it would last the longest and would give them the most camel-like proportions. Now a man studies her curves and lines and buys a bustle to set them off to the best advantage. Some of the new bustles are long, some short, some fuller than others, and many round up the hips with small pads. All are made of fine quality haircloth, light in weight, and are small, neat and graceful."

By the way, men hats bustles, and it might be just as well for the women to keep them about their heads, as it is for the men to keep their hats on their heads. The modern bustle is so perfect that men will never know of its reappearance unless told of it point blank.

CHASING A RICH GIRL.

Miss Lillian Bell, in a Paris letter to the Ladies' Home Journal, says: "The most shameful thing in all Europe is the marriage question, as witness the experience of rich American girls who went to Paris with letters to friends. On account of her wealth she was invited everywhere by mothers of marriageable sons, but being unable to speak French, was not much of a success. She went to a convent to learn French, and was shown much attention by the Duchesse de Z—, who was determined that her son should marry her. 'Suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, the heiress sailed for America without a word of warning. The duchess was furious. 'You must follow her,' she said to her son. 'We cannot let so much money escape.' The son said he would be hanged if he went to America, or if he would marry such a monkey, and as for her money, she could go anywhere she pleased with it, or words to that effect. So that ended the affair of the Marquise de G—. When the other impetuous nobles heard that the duchess no longer had any claims upon the American's money, they got together and said: 'Somebody must marry her and divide with the rest. We can't all marry her, but we can all have a share from whoever does. Now we will draw lots to see who must go to America and marry her.' The lot fell to the Baron de X—, but he had no money for the journey. So all the others raised what

At Work Again.

A few applications of Salvation Oil will readily cure sprains and bruises, and heal cuts, burns and scalds. It is undoubtedly the best pain-cure on the market, and should be ready for use, in every home in the land. Mr. Frank Stuebenhaver 1337 Elm St., Dubuque, Iowa, states: "I used Salvation Oil on a sprained elbow, which threatened to prevent me from working, and after several thorough rubbings, I awoke the very next morning much relieved and able to go to work. Had I not used Salvation Oil I certainly would have amounted to many times the cost of a bottle of Oil. Everybody should keep Salvation Oil in the house." It is sold everywhere for only 25 cents.

money they could and loaned it to him, and took his notes for it, with enormous interest, payable after his marriage. He sailed away, and within eight months he had married her, but he has not paid those notes; his wife won't give him the money!"

LONG DRESS TRAINS.

Health Magazine: A prominent physician, who gives close attention to bacteriological study, says: "Lately the dress trains worn in the streets by our ladies suggest another way to carry tubercle and other bacilli into our houses. In walking along the streets we constantly see a dress wipe up portions of sputum from the pavements. From one of these dresses dragged over the streets a few times, I was able to demonstrate the presence of seven tubercle bacilli on an inch microscopic slide, on which a little dirt of a dress was dusted. Knowing, therefore, that these long dresses have dried tuberculous sputum on them for the maid to dust off in our ladies' dressing rooms, most of which are poorly ventilated, we can quite understand how a sufficient number of bacilli can be collected in small compartments to an extent dangerous, at least, to those predisposed to tuberculosis."

"AUDUBON MILLINERY."

An exhibition of millinery in which the use of plumage of wild birds is debarred is one of the projects which the Pennsylvania Audubon society has in view for winter and spring. This will show how becoming a bonnet or hat may be made without the slaughter of singing birds or native wild ones. The Audubon ladies raise no objection to the use of any feathers from game birds or ostriches or domestic fowls, or of any birds killed for food. Especially does the society discourage the use of feathers taken from herons and egrets, as these are only in desirable plumage during the nesting season, when their slaughter results in the death of the young birds, who starve to death when the mother bird is killed.

CELERY VS. RHEUMATISM.

It is said that if celery were eaten more freely sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few.

That when celery is eaten largely an alkaline blood is the cause, and that where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

That it should not only be eaten raw, but cooked.

That it should be cut in small pieces and boiled till tender in as little water as possible, and after adding to this a little rich milk, thickened slightly with flour and season with butter, pepper and salt.

That the tender leaves and small ends of the stalk, which are usually thrown away, should be used for soups, and even the greener leaves are useful, for they may be dried and powdered and used in flavoring soups and the dressing of roasts.

RAGE FOR BRASS.

One has evidently got around again to the age of brass, for every second woman in society is collecting objects, small and large, made of this handsome metal, says Demorest's Family Magazine. Brass beds, andirons, fenders and kettles by no means satisfy the fashionable craving for articles made of this most ornamental of materials.

Long mirrors for the stately new houses are now set in brassy frames of most elaborate design; panels of brass line the walls of the dining room, vases large and small are made of the metal, and, as if extravagance must burst all bounds, one millionaire's wife has had her bath room fitted with a huge tub that glitters like gold, at the head of which stands a tall, lovely female figure of brass, holding in her arms a water jar from the mouth of which, on pressing a lever, issues a hot or cold shower bath.

But brass in house decoration, lavish though it is, is invading the toilet table, writing desk and sideboard, where only gold or silver lately reigned, is a sad distinct from brass collecting as an art and interest; many women who for years have been gathering up book plates, fine china or jewels have now got rid of their treasures in order to devote time and money to brassy.

SOCIETY GIRLS AND MINUET.

The society girl is learning to be dignified and stately. She is practicing the quaint curtsy of the graceful minuet and being taught to point correctly her dainty slipped toe.

And all because there is a new dance in town. It is a square dance. It requires many of the steps of the old-time minuet. Newport was its birth-place and it is called the Newport lancers.

The dignified grace and the gliding movements which characterize it are a welcome change from the romping dances of the past season. The dances which are but little more than a whirl and a rush are going out of fashion. Even the popular two-step is being danced to slower time.

This season's debutantes are showing a decided preference for conversation. They object to the hurried word whispered when half out of breath. They prefer not to look hurried. They want every stray hair of their pompadour to stay where it is placed. They don't wish to dance as if caught in a whirlwind, but they do wish to copy their great-grandmothers' manners—in the dance.—New York Journal.

FASHION FANCIES.

The latest chiffon sash is nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. Reversible reps and double velours are leaders in door draperies.

Very new shades have appeared in elegant curtains of satin derby. For collar and wrist ruffles the most fashionable lace is the yellowish-white.

A surprising number of red shades is noted in various oriental cushions and hangings. Velvet leaves in all the gorgeous colors of autumn foliage trim some of the latest hats.

The corages of many evening gowns are adorned with jet, steel, silver or gilt passementerie.

Some of the dotted and figured Swisses sold for curtains are fine and pretty enough for a debutante's gown. Ribbons in various widths, but all in brilliantly gay plaids, are used in developing the latest corsets from France.

Chair cushions covered with velvet and corduroy and silk pillows of gorgeously broadened fabrics are prominent.

Very narrow black chantilly lace edging under white lace is chic as a garniture on waists of white or cream chiffon.

All kinds of velvets and silks are used for tiny blouses. And now a new "polka-dot" more velvet has made its debut.

Denims in new designs for the dining room walls are matched in charming pictures to be hung from poles or scroll work.

Olive green, pale and light, is combined in beautiful ingrain "aquarone" (or crumpled) cloths for the dining room. The leading style in lace bed sets is the dainty Marie Antoinette, although a great deal of Irish point and antique lace is sold.

The craze for feathers has certainly

reached the limit this season, and every kind of bird is represented in the winter millinery.

With for still antique is particularly pretty, long plaitings of it being made up with full muffs and collar of mink and other fashionable furs.

Among the new fancies in fashion's scheme of decorating our gowns are the black velvet bands, generously sprinkled with blue jet.

The newest "knot" for the dressy theatre bonnet is of real lace. Sometimes it is of a pattern to match the empire fan carried by the wearer.

Stockings for the bridal trousseau are embroidered in some dainty floral design with wash silks on the double edge, and the patterns may be as varied as the number of pairs.

HOME THOUGHTS.

The Magic of Christmas Eve—The Infections of Happiness in its Atmosphere.

New York Post: To the mother and father sitting late before the low-burning midnight fire there comes a consciousness of atmospheric (at this end of the century one hesitates to say spiritual) influence in the world about them. The broad smile of derision with which at midsummer they might have chatted about Christmas superstitions, and amused themselves with the fancies which picture the cattle kneeling in their stalls, and dumb beasts everywhere joining in the adoration of Him who found his first bed in a manger, changes to a dreamy talk of curious traditions. There seems to be a motion in the air, a stir in vacant places, a vitality in inanimate things. If the Christmas tree stands dressed for the morrow and the dying flame plays over its gay branches, the flickering glitter of its gilded toys, the mingling colors of its strange fruitage, seem to come and go; the laden boughs seem to wave gently and the little flimsy angel on the pinnacle to flutter its gauzy wings and show a happy consciousness of the watch and ward it keeps.

Pleasant ripples of anticipation attach themselves to the names of those for whom this harvest has been brought from many a land; the dainty parcels heaped about the generous tree; the muffled animals easily recognized beneath their wraps; the preternaturally staring eyes of pendent dolls, each has a visionary figure close at hand. Around the white, woolly effigy of a lamb the mother sees the shadowy embraces of the chubby arms; across the saddle of the rocking horse a sturdy pair of legs; and in the soft, sheltered chair, heaped with love-tokens, they can see an aged figure with a face of tearful joy, and they smile already at the thought, grow childishly happy over the faithful love of her children.

And in the nursery, "what visions of sugar-plum dance" through the restless young heads! How easily they wake; a closing door brings quickly opened eyes. If they unburden their hearts, what ecstatic anticipations would they unfold, based on that delightful crackling of paper which has found its way to their ears! What precious possession might not have been covered and marked for them? That stuff wrapping rugged and untidied? No child in a happy home but has had a share in this enchanting, transparent mystery, which is sure of happy solution.

Among the photographs which are made by love-light, and have no need of negatives in that perfect camera which mother's heart contains, I know one of a large yet cozy chamber, with two small white beds, in which a brother and sister sleep. The dim nursery taper gave just light enough to make things plain to eyes that might open startled by bad dreams. At the fireplace hung two stockings, with a bit of holly at each top. Slowly the little maid, doubtless awakened by her eager hopes, raised her bright head and looked toward her. Pendent from the toe of her stocking dangled a tiny ermine muff. It had been the longing of her just-dawning feminine desires. Noiseless as a fairy, she stole from her bed, clambering with some peril over its high guard and thrust her little head into the soft aperture awaiting it. Next her round cheek was laid gently against the downy fur, and then she kissed her treasure. But her grateful heart did not forget its duty; kneeling down upon the rug, she drew close to the open chimney and whispered:

"Thank you, Santa Claus! It is just what I wanted most." Her mother, watching behind a curtain, disapproved her act, but with true Christmas-Eve benevolence and sympathy, let her tuck herself away again in her crib, and only took the picture back with her to keep in the gallery that no man sees. And if, at this parental vigil, there appear faces never more to be seen on earth, and memories arise of joyous voices now forever stilled, they are tender, happy memories, not to be mingled with the clouded recollections of other anniversaries; they do not wound. They are part of life's few incorruptible treasures, and on Christmas Eve these shadow-children will come back, joyous, happy, glad; and when, though invisible to others, they are plainly seen by mother's eye, they make perfect and do not make the happiness. The others will outgrow all the fairyland stories and drink deep of disappointment, or, grown selfish and worldly-wise, learn to care little for the Christmas tree and its fruits; but these will remain to father and mother the ever-happy children who never grew too old to clasp their hands for joy.

This Christmas magic is wonderfully alive in places such as those to which Mr. Ellis leads us. Could any other night have witchery enough to make a hungry child sit up in its poor bed and cry joyfully: "We're having Christmas!" because a toll-worm mother tucked a discarded bit of green (lopped from a tree and thrown into the street) against the discolored wall, decorated it with an end of pink twine, and lighted a tallow candle? No, this something for which we have no name varies not, nor even loses force. Climate and custom, country or race make little difference. It kindles the same heart warmth; it quickens the same glow of human love; it makes the ear ready to hear, the eye clear to see, the hand quick to give, the forehead marked the feast. There is a picture made by Virginia Breton, which, like all she does, is in touch with understanding of material love. It shows a Breton peasant

in the pathway of the Expectant Mother dangers lurk, and should be avoided. "Mother's Friend" so prepare the system for the change, taking place then the time of labor is robbed of all danger. It also insures safety to the life of both mother and child, and makes childbirth easy and recovery more rapid. "Mother's Friend" is the greatest remedy ever put on the market, and all our customers praise it highly.

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ant-mother kneeling before the fire and whispering in her baby's ear as she points to the little, sabots upon the hearth. The woman's racial peculiarities are unmistakable, the child is a Breton child, the fire is fed by the boughs of some old trees of Brittany; yet she is certain what the American mother says as her little boy cuddles down into her lap for a Christmas talk, and the baby dreams the dreams which enchant its far-away American brother.

It is the same thing down in the dark, impoverished quarters of the "east side" as in the stately house where the great tree stands in the hall, reaching to the farthest height of the clerestory. The gladness is relative, but it is as true where the grimy father and work-worn mother make themselves clean and bid the children tidy themselves before they light the "Christmas candle" as where, with hardly restrained feet, the young heirs and heiresses march to splendid music into the dazzling light of a tree which has never been equalled elsewhere in our country.

Mr. Janvier in his "Kalends of Provence" brings out with all the graphic beauty of his poet-pen and all the detail of his artist-eyes the reign of this necromancy among the genial Provençals, and shows us how gods and demigods and many a heathen rite and tradition have been bent to the uses of the feast and blossomed out with marvelous transformation. Everywhere it is the feast of innocence. Perhaps for this cause things unseen become visible to us, and that which we cannot hear at other times is plainly audible. "It was the little Joachim whose right it was, because he was the youngest and the purest, to carry the waxen image of the infant Christ" to lay in the manger-bed of the Provençal crèche. I must venture to quote at length one beautifully suggestive paragraph in connection with this little child:

"Formal procession was made. He walked at its head, a little chap with long, curling, golden hair, between his two grandfathers; the rest followed in the order of their age and rank; his two grandfathers, his father and mother, Monsieur Auguste with the maid-servant, and the apprentices last of all. A single candle was carried by one of his grandfathers into the dark room—the illumination of which that night could only come from the new fire kindled before the crèche. Precisely at midnight, at the moment when all the clocks of Aix striking together, loose the Christmas chimes, the child laid the holy figure in the manger, and then the candles instantly were ablaze." Child-heart, child-faith, child-festival, ruled by the same spirit the world over!

When morning came the disillusioning sun made Christmas day we put up our world-visors again, we dream no dreams, our realities are again hard and defined. The day is the day of days, but it is "on the midnight clear" that vision comes. That was once a little church, far from beautiful and marred by many a stain, to which a rural congregation went to worship at the first hour of the day for many years. Usually its walls were not only bare but disfigured; on Christmas they were enriched with abundant greenery. Coming from the frosty air, the warm odor or spicy pine and fir greeted the senses at the threshold. Arches of green made by patient hands formed a rustic rood-screen; green-covered stands held blazing candles; the holly berries glowed, and the whole place was eloquent of Christmas. The music was not for artists' ears, but the people sang joyfully and were awed with enthusiasm; there was neither pomp, nor wealth, nor one element which was not possible anywhere among any people whose hearts desired such a beginning of the day. Hands met hands, indifferent men were changed to genial friends, and standing at the footstep of such hearty, cheerful greeting and congratulation stirred the winter frost as warmed the earth.

The church has gone and noble architecture and fitting accompaniment of music and ritual are found where it once stood. Christmas is honored with solemn and impressive service within its high walls, but the tender intimacy of the evening vigil is no longer there, nor do the people clasp each other's hands at the hour when we are told the angels awakened the sleeping shepherds with their song of glad tidings to them "and all mankind."

I have claimed that the charm of Christmas eve was never wanting to either heart or home whose door stood open to its spirit, and that its dear influences were imparted bestow where the room was the most for its trial, but I confess I believe it has enduring preferences. There are things needed to evoke its highest power. It loves best to be where there are children; it shines brightest and discloses most where the meaning of the feast is not overshadowed by material expression; it tells its best secrets where that love is found which promotes the brotherhood of man, and it grants its highest endowments often to hearts that forget their own griefs to gladden the lives of others.

This year we should surely find it dwelling in the bare room where the broken fir-bough hangs, dressed with its poor bit of pink cord. If we could but leave there something in the name of the Master of the Feast, surely we would see more clearly and feel more deeply than elsewhere.

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